

GERMANY MUST PAY

Nation Will Never Be Able to Make Amends for Damage.

FERTILE SOIL IS DESTROYED

Unnumerable Unexploded Shells Will Make Cultivation Precarious—Doubtful If Land Can Be Reclaimed.

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

What must Germany pay for? That question can be adequately answered only when it is remembered that Germany started the terrible conflict in Europe for no reason other than that of conquest and loot; started it only to satisfy the selfish ambitions of a selfish people for world domination. That is being admitted today by what is left of the German nation; it is admitted by those who were directly responsible for the war.

And it is because Germany started this conflict for no reason other than that of conquest and loot that Germany owes to the world full payment for all the devastation which the war has brought, not only in so far as she can pay now, but in so far as she can pay for generations yet to come.

Among the many, many sections of Belgium and northern France that I personally covered, following closely on the heels of the retreating Hun army, was that which lies between what were the cities of Ypres and Menin, approximately 20 miles apart. Here, before the coming of the invading Boche, was what was considered the most productive soil of the world, and the most intensely cultivated. Here in a number of farm villages lived the Belgian peasant families, happy, thrifty people, each family cultivating the small fields which it owned. No fences separated these fields, no hedges cut them off from the

and Menin, on both sides of that long, straight road, I am sure I did not see one square foot of soil that was not a part of a shell crater. What had once been the richest soil of the world is today but a waste, made so by the shells that fell upon it because Germany sought world domination. This soil has been destroyed by countless thousands of shells falling actually one upon another, each digging deeper into the earth until the very subsoil has been turned over and the land made worthless for cultivation for years to come, if indeed it can ever be reclaimed.

Unexploded Shells Buried in Soil.

There lie today on the surface of this land many thousands of unexploded shells, and there are buried in the soil many, many thousands more, each one of them a menace to any farmer who attempts to put a plow into the soil in an effort to reclaim it. And this land is destroyed, because the homes were destroyed, because of German ambition, of German cruelty, of German lust, of German wantonness and German brutality.

Who is to pay for it? Who is to risk destruction that it may again be put into condition for cultivation, that it may serve the purposes of the human race? Shall the peaceful Belgian peasants, who had no part in the starting of this conflict, suffer their loss without compensation? Shall these peasants who have endured more than four long years of homeless agonies, who have suffered not alone the loss of homes and land but the loss of relatives and friends as well, be the ones to risk destruction in the effort to again bring these lands back to a condition where cultivation is possible? Shall they be blown to bits by the bursting of these shells, hidden as they are beneath the surface of the ground, when the plow strikes and explodes them? If undisturbed, those shells continue to be a menace for years to come, but who are to risk their lives in removing them?

Could the American people generally, and especially the American farmers, have seen the sights I have seen

Unheralded Heroes of the War

Heroes were made every day during the war. Unusual deeds of bravery became so common that little attention was paid to them. Sometimes they found their way into official dispatches, but often no one heard of them. But now many stories of these brave acts are being told, usually by the pals of the men who dared and died for their country and for humanity. Below are a few of these unusual stories:

How Two Yank Soldiers Held Enemy Street Till Help Came

NO INDIVIDUAL or group of individuals can step into the limelight and stay any time without becoming the subject of criticism of one sort or another. And the American soldier during his comparatively short participation in the great world war has come in for his share.

One of the most outstanding criticisms of the American soldier as a fighter is that he doesn't know when to stop, that he's reckless in his courage and seemingly devoid of all care as to his personal well-being or safety in the accomplishment of a given object.

These qualities of the Yankee fighter were shown recently at the capture of the town of Sergy by the American forces.

It was Sunday morning. A platoon of 50 men was ordered to go into Sergy and to hold a certain street. The Germans were still in the town and were raking all roads approaching with a storm of machine gun fire. The platoon emerged from a wooded shelter on the north bank of the Ourcq and made its way across a sloping field toward the outskirts of the village. There it was met with a withering hail of bullets that immediately began to thin the ranks, but the men kept on going.

As the little company drew nearer the town the fire from the German machine guns increased. It became so deadly accurate that by the time the platoon had entered the village only 20 odd of the original 50 men remained, and James Hyland of Brooklyn, N. Y., was one of these 20.

Immediately on entering the town the platoon made its way to the street it had been ordered to hold. The men sought shelter behind a pile of debris at the head of the thoroughfare, a poor shelter indeed and one swept by machine guns and snipers from three sides. But the lieutenant in command, who is now dead, decided that inasmuch as his orders were to stay there until relieved, there he would stay.

Every Hun in that end of the town seemed to be directing his undivided attention to the little company of Americans behind its flimsy shelter. The snipers were everywhere. A particularly deadly fire came from machine guns placed in a Red Cross building; so fierce was it that the men spent nearly all of their ammunition trying to get those guns, and finally rushed the building, but they had to come back.

Foodless and waterless, they stayed there all that day. As the hours dragged on, the gallant band grew smaller and smaller. By afternoon all of the officers had been killed and the privates elected commanders, who one by one were shot down.

When relief reached them at seven o'clock that evening Hyland and one comrade—whose name isn't given—were all that were left of the 50 who started out in the morning. Hyland was in command, and the two men were shooting their last cartridges at the machine gunners up the street they had been ordered to hold.

How Former Circus Clown Bore His Message Through Barrage

EVER since we have all been old enough to think behind the things we see we have wondered as we have watched the antics of a circus clown just what kind of a man he really is when out from under the big tent and moving around in the everyday life of the ordinary man.

It isn't likely, however, that we ever thought of a clown as being of such stuff as heroes are made, but here is the story of a former circus clown who became a real hero in the great war.

Charles Klein of Brooklyn, N. Y., became a member of the American expeditionary forces. Early in the spring, before General Foch turned upon the Germans and began to drive them back to where they came from, Klein was detailed to the motorcycle squad as a dispatch rider.

One day early in May, Klein was sitting in a dugout watching the big shells as they went screaming and whistling overhead.

But while Klein was watching the bombardment he received orders to report to the commanding officer of the unit to which he was attached. This officer gave Klein a message to deliver at once, the carrying of this message meaning that he would have to ride straight through a hot barrage that had just been laid down.

Without a moment's hesitation, with eagerness even, the former clown—a mighty serious-minded courier now—took the message, mounted his motorcycle and started on his perilous ride.

"The racket sounded as though a hundred boiler factories had broken loose," said Klein later,

"but I put on full steam, and the old motorcycle leaped ahead like a kangaroo."

"Bang! A big shell busted only ten feet from my machine. Bang! Another exploded to the left of me, and I put on some more steam. Then a whopper hissed over me just missing the top of my tin derby, but I kept on going."

"Say, once I rode a white mule in the circus that no one else could ride—he broke my arm and tattooed me with cuts and bruises. The mule's name was Snowball, and that animal seemed to have a hundred heels every time I tried to get on her back. But, believe me, one Boche shell is worse than a hundred Snowballs."

"It was the hardest work I ever did to dodge the holes in the road. Bang! A shell plunked behind me and ripped off my back tire. Bang! A piece of shrapnel knocked off my helmet, but never touched me. Then I began to smell mustard gas. My eyes watered so that it was hard for me to see. I don't know how I did it, but I delivered my message, and when I woke up I was in the hospital."

"Talk about mules in a circus! Mustard gas is mighty rough stuff, I'm telling you, and it doesn't help to make speed on a motorcycle, either."

And then, because of his smile and his ability as an entertainer in the hospital, Klein was nicknamed "Sunny Charles."

How English Aviator Exercised the Commander's "Privilege"

AVIATORS were often compelled to destroy their own machines to prevent the Germans from obtaining some jealously guarded secret about the new type of aircraft. This is a story of an aviator who did that at the cost of his own life.

There were two men—the pilot and his observer—in the latest flying boat which England's aircraft builders had turned out. The two flyers were well out to sea when a fog came down and cut them off from their companions. The pilot headed for home, but the engine suddenly "died."

A hasty examination showed the pilot that only a repair shop and a squad of expert mechanics could hope to make the engine run again. He told the observer so, and the two men—the observer was really little more than a boy—sat down to watch and wait with the hope that a British patrol boat would come along and pick them up.

The night came on and the young observer fell asleep. The pilot sat on the deck-coaming and listened all the night through. In the morning the fog lifted and the observer, looking out over the waters, caught sight of a little black smudge on the horizon, which grew steadily in size, and behind it another smudge and another. It was a patrol flotilla rapidly approaching them. The boy was elated.

"It is German, my son," spoke the older man in a quiet voice, as he turned his eyes from the smudges to his rocking craft. "Have you your life belt on securely?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Then go over the side and swim for all you're worth."

"But don't you want me to stay and help you?" persisted the boy.

"Get over the side," commanded the pilot sharply, "and good-by, sonny. It is my privilege, you know."

About 200 yards away the boy paused and looked back at the dis-abled plane. The pilot was crouched on the top of the under plane just over the bomb rack with a heavy wrench in his upraised hand, ready to strike a blow.

A mile away the first of the German destroyers was tearing the sea in its haste to take the broken plane and get away before the British patrol should appear. The boy turned and swam away from the tragedy which he knew was about to take place.

A few moments later there was the mighty roar of an explosion, and he heard the swish of the air blast along the surface waters and the rush of the approaching wave from the sea disturbing the plane.

The pilot was crouched on the top of the under plane just over the bomb rack with a heavy wrench in his upraised hand, ready to strike a blow.

A mile away the first of the German destroyers was tearing the sea in its haste to take the broken plane and get away before the British patrol should appear. The boy turned and swam away from the tragedy which he knew was about to take place.

A few moments later there was the mighty roar of an explosion, and he heard the swish of the air blast along the surface waters and the rush of the approaching wave from the sea disturbing the plane.

The pilot was crouched on the top of the under plane just over the bomb rack with a heavy wrench in his upraised hand, ready to strike a blow.

A mile away the first of the German destroyers was tearing the sea in its haste to take the broken plane and get away before the British patrol should appear. The boy turned and swam away from the tragedy which he knew was about to take place.

A few moments later there was the mighty roar of an explosion, and he heard the swish of the air blast along the surface waters and the rush of the approaching wave from the sea disturbing the plane.

ance. The wave engulfed him just as he began to hear the splash of the falling debris, then he knew no more.

He was still sobbing deliciously when the British patrol boat picked him up an hour later. The pilot had exercised his "privilege."

How Man "Tackled" a Deadly Depth Bomb and Saved a Ship

IT ISN'T recorded that John Mackenzie, chief boatswain's mate in the United States navy reserve force, was once a great football player, but he was recommended for an honor medal and a gratuity of \$100 for doing one of the greatest football stunts ever reported.

The navy department report shows that on the morning of December 17 a depth bomb on board the destroyer Remilk broke loose from its position on the stern of the craft, and, bursting in boxing, went bouncing about the deck. A heavy sea was on at the time; in fact, the waves were breaking far over the stern of the destroyer, and the rolling and pitching of the little craft sent the big bomb flying backward and forward to port and starboard, crashing into the rails of the vessel and hitting everything upstanding on the deck with a force that threatened to explode at any moment and blow the boat to scrap iron.

The actions of the engine of destruction recall Victor Hugo's great description of the gun which breaks loose from its moorings on a shipboard and "comes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard ball, rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes

comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates."

The bomb was a regular sized depth charge weighing hundreds of pounds, and it would have been impossible for anyone to have lifted it and carried it to safety even if one of the crew had dared to take the risk of catching it in its rushes and rollings about the deck. So the officers and men stood for a time watching the charge as it thrashed madly about, wondering what to do, and not knowing what minute the infernal machine might explode and send all hands flying into eternity.

Suddenly someone cried "The pin has come out!"

Whether Mackenzie had been in some other part of the ship until that moment, or whether he had been standing with the others staring at the hopeless wonder and was only aroused by the cry, reports do not say. But it is recorded that less than a second after the shout was raised the plucky Yankee boatswain's mate dashed down the deck and fung himself on the rolling bomb, much after the fashion that football players throw themselves on the ball.

Three times he had his arms about it, but each time it tore away, once almost crushing him, the roll of the ship hurled it upon him. The fourth time, however, he got a firm hold on, and with almost superhuman effort heaved it up right on one flat end. Then Mackenzie sat down on the deadly charge—though even in that position the bomb might have exploded and blown him to atoms—and succeeded in holding it until lines could be run to him and the charge lashed safely to the deck.

The commanding officer of the Remilk in his report recommending that the medal of honor be conferred on Mackenzie, says:

"Mackenzie, in acting as he did, exposed his life and prevented a serious accident and probable loss of the ship and the entire crew. He the depth charge exploded on the quarterdeck with the sea and the wind that existed at the time there is no doubt that the ship would have been lost."

Mackenzie is a native of Massachusetts. His home is South Hadley Falls.

FUTURE HIDDEN FROM CLAY.

Could the shade of Henry Clay, roused from the slumbers of more than threescore years by the pandemonium as 100 engineers tied down their whistle cords and shrilled forth exultant shrieks, have trod the atmospheric space from his haunts in the Blue Grass country to Sault Ste. Marie a few weeks since, and looked with dull eyes on the newly finished engineering feat spread out before his astonished gaze, he would have been forced to admit that his declaration back in 1840 was at least shortsighted.

"It is a work quite beyond the remotest settlement of the United States, if not in the moon," said Henry Clay on that memorable occasion, when by the power of his silver-tongued oratory he influenced the congress of the United States to defeat a measure by which a canal could be dug around St. Mary's falls.

He was believed, and the project that now in finished form ranks in world importance far greater than the Suez canal, and in some minds greater than the Panama canal, was condemned as impractical. It was not until 12 years later that congress saw its mistake and yielded to the persuasion of influential citizens of Michigan and New York to grant an appropriation of land whereby the state of Michigan could finance the excavation of a canal.—J. Paul Chandler in Detroit Free Press.

HER VOTE.

"How how you going to vote, Grace?" "Depends on the weather. If it rains I suppose I'll have to vote in a mackintosh."—Judge.

Y. M. C. A. IN DARKEST RUSSIA.

The rural group (of the American Y. M. C. A. in Russia) dealt with another need of national magnitude. The mighty Volga basin, covering more than half a million square miles, is unaltered in normal times wholly to feed the human population it holds. E. T. Cotton in Association Men says a floating exhibit was made up to visit and impress the teeming riverside communities with the importance of more sowing, better production and fuller conservation. A staff of 35 was organized to demonstrate with models, moving pictures, lantern slides, charts and lectures such neglected subjects as seed selection, cultivation, dairying, horticulture, animal husbandry, bee keeping, domestic economy, play life for children and other aspects of community welfare.

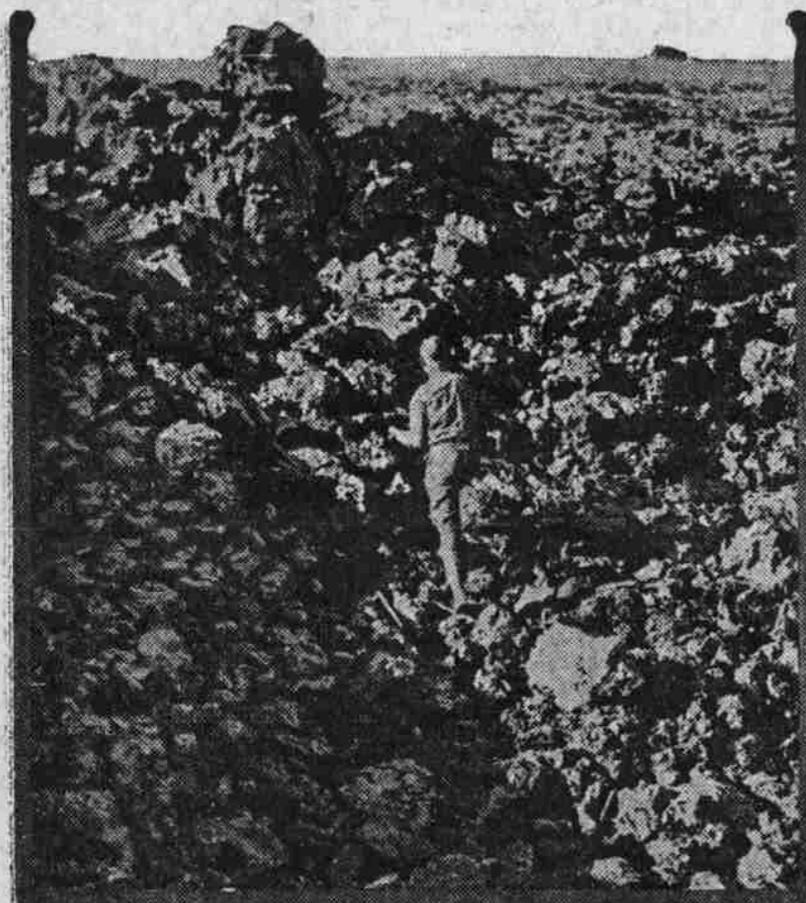
This association conception and undertaking won instant recognition, the government furnishing a steamboat, a barge and some funds.

FINDS FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

No place in the United States or Canada has lower death rate than Kelley's Island, Lake Erie, according to Dr. Paul Fitzgerald, chief of an eastern insurance company's bureau of statistics.

The island, the home of a large stone-quarrying industry, is the home of approximately 3,000 people.

For years the insurance company has been insuring a large percentage of the population but never has been called upon to pay a death claim, says Doctor Fitzgerald, who in his report to headquarters will refer to the island as "the head of the fountain of youth."



Ground Pulverized by Bursting of Big Shells.

roadways, and the families that cultivated the fields lived not on the little farms but in closely built villages of from 100 to 500 people each.

Devastation Is Complete.

It is hard to realize today that these villages ever existed, that the land along this long, straight road was ever cultivated, ever produced foodstuffs for a people. In fact, it is hard to realize today that this was ever an inhabited country.

Of these peaceful villages, the living places of these farm people, there is no trace left. There are not even piles of debris, of broken brick and stone and lumber, to mark the spots where they stood. There is no single thing by which the returning peasants, wearily dragging themselves back to that spot which had been home to them and to their ancestors for almost countless generations, can mark the place where not only their home but their village had stood.

I have seen old men and women, wearied by four long years of exile, stand beside this road and gaze longingly over the devastated landscape, in an effort to locate some familiar object that would remind them of the spot they had known all their lives, and then turn away with tears on their cheeks because they could not find even one small object that would tell them of the homes, the only homes, they had known.

It was German ambition, German cruelty, German lust, German wantonness, German brutality, that were the cause of the destruction of these homes, of the agonies of a peaceful, thrifty people.

What can possibly compensate these people for their loss, for the misery they have suffered and must still suffer, for the homes and the associations that are gone forever? No, Germany can never pay in full, but she can continue to pay and pay and pay until there has been bred out of the German people that desire for war, that love of conquest, that brutality, that it has taken centuries, almost, to breed into them, and which has resulted in laying a whole world waste.

In all that 20 miles between Ypres

along this long, straight road between Ypres and Menin, they would say, as I say, it is the German who must pay; it is the German who must risk destruction in the effort to put this land again into condition for cultivation.

I believe that one condition of the peace treaty should be that Germany, either as one nation, or proportionately from the several small nations that may be formed out of the German empire, should call its military classes to the colors each year as it has done in the past; but in place of putting guns into the hands of these men, and training them for the purposes of war—a war of conquest—that it should put these men into the territories she has devastated, to reclaim the soil and to rebuild the villages, the towns and cities the Huns have destroyed. Let these Germans, under guard of Belgian troops, take the risk of destruction; let them guide the plow that may strike the unexploded shell, and let Germany pay them the meager wages of the German soldier while they are doing this.

Should Pay and Pay and Pay.

That would be the nearest thing to an accounting that Germany can render to the world, but she should pay all that it is humanly possible for a people to pay who have so ruthlessly despoiled the world. Her people should pay, and pay, and pay, until they have learned beyond the shadow of a doubt that war for the purpose of conquest, for the purpose of loot, for the gratification of selfish ambitions, is the most unprofitable business they could possibly engage in.

And remember that the devastation to be seen along the road from Ypres to Menin is but an example of all the terrible destruction to be found throughout Belgium and northern France and Serbia and other countries that have been overrun by the conquest-seeking armies of the Boche. And remember, too, that it is not alone the devastation that is to be paid for, but it is the work and the tears and the economic loss of every nation that was called into the struggle to defeat the selfish purposes of a selfish people, that the world might be a decent place in which free men might live.



It was Sunday morning. A platoon of 50 men was ordered to go into Sergy and to hold a certain street. The Germans were still in the town and were raking all roads approaching with a storm of machine gun fire. The platoon emerged from a wooded shelter on the north bank of the Ourcq and made its way across a sloping field toward the outskirts of the village. There it was met with a withering hail of bullets that immediately began to thin the ranks, but the men kept on going.

As the little company drew nearer the town the fire from the German machine guns increased. It became so deadly accurate that by the time the platoon had entered the village only 20 odd of the original 50 men remained, and James Hyland of Brooklyn, N. Y., was one of these 20.

Immediately on entering the town the platoon made its way to the street it had been ordered to hold. The men sought shelter behind a pile of debris at the head of the thoroughfare, a poor shelter indeed and one swept by machine guns and snipers from three sides. But the lieutenant in command, who is now dead, decided that inasmuch as his orders were to stay there until relieved, there he would stay.

Every Hun in that end of the town seemed to be directing his undivided attention to the little company of Americans behind its flimsy shelter. The snipers were everywhere. A particularly deadly fire came from machine guns placed in a Red Cross building; so fierce was it that the men spent nearly all of their ammunition trying to get those guns, and finally rushed the building, but they had to come back.

Foodless and waterless, they stayed there all that day. As the hours dragged on, the gallant band grew smaller and smaller. By afternoon all of the officers had been killed and the privates elected commanders, who one by one were shot down.

When relief reached them at seven o'clock that evening Hyland and one comrade—whose name isn't given—were all that were left of the 50 who started out in the morning. Hyland was in command, and the two men were shooting their last cartridges at the machine gunners up the street they had been ordered to hold.

How Former Circus Clown Bore His Message Through Barrage

EVER since we have all been old enough to think behind the things we see we have wondered as we have watched the antics of a circus clown just what kind of a man he really is when out from under the big tent and moving around in the everyday life of the ordinary man.

It isn't likely, however, that we ever thought of a clown as being of such stuff as heroes are made, but here is the story of a former circus clown who became a real hero in the great war.

Charles Klein of Brooklyn, N. Y., became a member of the American expeditionary forces. Early in the spring, before General Foch turned upon the Germans and began to drive them back to where they came from, Klein was detailed to the motorcycle squad as a dispatch rider.

One day early in May, Klein was sitting in a dugout watching the big shells as they went screaming and whistling overhead.

But while Klein was watching the bombardment he received orders to report to the commanding officer of the unit to which he was attached. This officer gave Klein a message to deliver at once, the carrying of this message meaning that he would have to ride straight through a hot barrage that had just been laid down.

Without a moment's hesitation, with eagerness even, the former clown—a mighty serious-minded courier now—took the message, mounted his motorcycle and started on his perilous ride.

"The racket sounded as though a hundred boiler factories had broken loose," said Klein later,

